RESOLUTIONS

To keep with tradition I have listed a few New Year Resolutions on broad topics of prime concern to boaters, fishermen and conservationists. Our effectiveness in obtaining favorable action on these topics will be dependent upon individual and coordinated support at home, by the news media, and in government at appropriate local, State and Federal levels.

Therefore, as boaters, fishermen and conservationists let us resolve to work in a unified manner to achieve success in the following:

1. Having the Federal Government support our long standing request for fish passage facilities at the power company dams which now block the Pennsylvania portion of the Susquehanna River from the benefits of runs of migrating American Shad and striped bass.

2. Passage of legislation to assure that liquid fuel taxes paid on the gasoline used in the operation of motorboats on our waters be returned to the Boating Fund of the Pennsylvania Fish Commission so that it can be put to use improving our waterways and our boating facilities.

3. That we continue to work in a united manner in the fight for clean water in our Pennsylvania streams.

4. That we act positively to assure that our waterways will always be available for public recreational use and that suitable public access be a major goal of the Commonwealth, making these waterways accessible to every Pennsylvanian who wishes to enjoy them.

5. That all users of our lakes, rivers and ponds join together to make our waterways safe for everyone—whether they be fishermen, boaters, water skiers, or swimmers—through the constant exercise of good judgment and recognition of the other fellow’s rights.

None of these resolutions are beyond our grasp if all of us who are interested in fishing, boating, clean water or water safety will work together. There is no more powerful force than the unified public voice expressed in favor of a given matter of importance.
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PENNSYLVANIA'S OFFICIAL FISHING AND BOATING MAGAZINE

JANUARY 1969 VOL. 38 NO. 1

IN THIS ISSUE . . .
2 LEAKY BOOTS—Letters From Our Readers
3 FISHING OUTLOOK—Stan Paulakovich
4 FISHING IN PENNSYLVANIA—James T. Valentine
8 THE MYSTERIOUS MON—Dennis O'Neil
10 TIPS FOR ICE FISHING—Don Shiner
12 CADDIS PATTERN—Chauncey K. Lively
14 AFIELD IN JANUARY—Carsten Ahrens
16 SNOW SPORT—Jim Yoder/Tom Eggler
19 HOT FISHING FOR A COLD DAY—Steve Szalewicz
20 NOTES FROM THE STREAMS
22 SEVENTY FOUR POUNDS—Walter Lazusky
24 THE SEA BAG—Bob Miller
25 A CHANCE FOR FUN—Nick Sidley
26 MODERN CAMPING—Del and Lois Kerr
28 BOATING QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS—Captain Jack Ross
29 FISH TALES—Pictures From Our Readers
32 CASTING WITH THE CO-OPS—Bill Porter
33 SCHOOL'S OUT—Ned Smith

Cover Art/BOB KRAY

D. THOMAS EGGLE, EDITOR

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DUCK HARBOR SUCCESS

I am sending you this note to say that I have enjoyed a very good season of trout in the state of Pennsylvania. Most of my fishing was on Duck Harbor Pond—in fact I was so fascinated with the fishing that I purchased a piece of land on that lake. I have used your access area there, will continue to use it, and would like to extend my gratitude for that use.

In the 1968 trout season I have taken a number of large trout from Duck Harbor. One of these weighed 7 pounds and others weighed 6, 6.5, 5, 4.5 pounds and so on. Most of these large trout were brownies.

I was told that a few years ago the Commission stocked these brown trout in that lake and I thought this information might be of value to you for your future stocking program of that lake. If you would like any more information about these fish I would be happy to help.

Andrew Sesak, Clifton, New Jersey

COMMENTS

I just recently caught up on all my back magazines after a very serious auto accident last spring and have a few comments on several articles and letters in recent issues.

I thoroughly enjoyed the story “Oil Moon Over Pithole” since I frequently travel through northwestern Pennsylvania while working. Several years ago I had an opportunity to stop on an early spring day when no one else was around. Although very little remains of the town, it was very interesting to walk through what once were streets and imagine what it must have been like and to marvel at how a city of 15,000 people could disappear so completely.

I was also very interested in the article on “Eutrophication” and “Air Pollution” in the June issue. The statistics on the amount of material being released to the atmosphere are staggering. I am aware that we are finally beginning to realize that we cannot continue using our waterways as sewers and allowing our atmosphere to continue absorbing tons and tons of pollutants yearly. This leads me to ask, however, about what is being done on a world-wide scale, as we in America are not solely responsible for the pollution of water and air on this earth. I think it would be of interest to any true sportsman and conservationist to know what is being done with respect to our “World Ecology” by other nations and what cooperation is planned or in effect on these problems by the nations of the world.

Finally, I would like to answer a few readers who apparently believe that the only people who should be allowed to catch trout are those who are disdainful of anyone who isn’t a dyed-in-the-wool fly fisherman. I am not particularly fond of the so-called fish hogs who follow the stocking trucks myself, but I don’t deny their right to do it, if that’s their style. Neither do I deny the right of the dry-fly expert who can cast a #24 midge with pin-point accuracy to a rising trout. It seems to me however that some of these purists seem to forget that their license fee entitles them to fish for pike, muskellunge, bass, walleye, etc. for 365 days a year if they so desire the same as anyone else.

This is in addition to the privilege of fishing for trout during the summer, fall, ice-fishing seasons and at year-round “Fish for Fun Projects.”

They also don’t seem to realize that by stocking such lakes as North Park, Canonsburg, Dutch Fork, Harveys and many others across the state, the Pennsylvania Fish Commission is putting the opportunity to catch a trout within the reach of thousands who because of their youth, their advanced age, their disability, their lack of transportation or funds, would not be able to catch a trout otherwise. Everyone is not so fortunate as to live near good trout streams and many people have never had the time nor the opportunity to learn to lay a dry fly out within inches of a rising trout.

I wonder how many of these fellows take a son or daughter along on their trout fishing outings. I see any number of “families” everyday I get a chance to see near a Commission stocked lake (maybe 10 or 12 times a year if I’m lucky) and I take my 12 year old daughter and/or my 16 year old brother along as often as I’m able to. We don’t catch too many fish, but we have a lot of fun trying. Maybe they should try it sometime!

After all, putting back a fish or two every once in a while, or even every trip doesn’t by itself make a sportsman or conservationist of one, nor does belittling the efforts of anyone who doesn’t happen to follow the same philosophy or techniques of fishing. It takes a lot more effort and a lot more tolerance than that.

I think the Fish Commission is doing a tremendous job. Keep up the good work and here’s hoping the coho salmon projects work out.

Samuel P. Pusateri, Jr., Bethel Park

LOYALSOCK RESIDENT

I just finished reading the Leaky Boots section in your September issue of the Angler and was particularly interested in the articles titled “Unhappy With Fish Hogs” and “Bigger Minimum Size.”

I live along the Loyalsock Creek and have also witnessed this “show” and feel exactly as Mr. Bennett does. Every year, about 100 yards above our house trout are stocked and everytime there are “fishermen” lined along the bank fishing about ten minutes after the stocking truck leaves. I think the only answer to this is to stock at night!

But this isn’t all that bothers me about the trout fishing in the Loyalsock. The other thing is the amount of trout stocked and the amount left for the next year. I understood that many trout won’t survive, but why are there so many that do not carry over?

This is where the article about bigger minimum size comes in. If there was a 2 or 3 fish limit and a minimum size of 12 to 14 inches, I think there would be a good or at least better “carry over” and eventually a breed of wild trout for fishing about ten minutes after the stocking truck leaves.

continued on page 27

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER
JANUARY, 1969

Fishermen spend many happy hours reliving and retelling stories of their favorite fish. The acrobatics of the rainbow, the selectiveness of the brownie, the beauty of the brookie, the smallmouth's gamely fight, the delicate taste of the walleye, the line-stripping speed of the shad and the bull-like strength of the carp. If we only had a fish that combines many of these qualities. We do—Esox Masquinongy, the Muskellunge.

Even though Pennsylvania has excellent January fishing for trout, walleye, pickerel, pike and panfish across the northern half through the ice, and many acres of open areas across the southern half for trout, pickerel, pike and panfish this month's article will deal with the Falmouth area of the Susquehanna River and its musky fisheries.

In 1958 the Fish Commission seeking to expand the muskellunge range from its normal area in the Northwest corner of the state, introduced fry and fingerlings into other selected waters across the state. Among those selected was the Susquehanna River including the Falmouth area. This program was continued in 1959 and every year since. Few reports or none at all were received until the winter of 62-63, when scattered catches of legal muskies were reported. A story circulated about that time tells of a warden who while on patrol noted a lone fisherman pulling to the shore at Falmouth and furtively glanced up and down the shore. He then scurried to his car and from the trunk took what appeared to be a burlap bag and some newspapers. He hurried to his boat, wrapped something up and then locked it into his trunk. The warden arrived just as he was about to leave, identifying himself, he asked to check his license. Finding everything in order he asked if he had any luck. The reply was yes and he proceeded to the trunk of the car, opened it and unwrapped two legal muskies. Asked why he was so secretive the angler replied, "I've found a good thing here and I don't want too many people to know about it."

Like no other place in the state this stretch of the river, from the foot of the York Haven Dam downstream about 1 mile to below Brunner Island, produces best during December, January and February of each year. When the river is unfrozen and water levels are on the rise at between the four and five foot level the muskellunge go on a feeding rampage. Estimates of the number of musky taken from this area each year generally are about 200 legal fish.

This area of the Susquehanna, about 18 miles south of Harrisburg on Route 441 differs greatly in fishing methods from all other muskie areas. Waterways Patrolman Sam Hall of Lancaster County (R.D. #2, Lititz, Pa. 17543—Phone 717-626-2542) and Porter Duvall of York County (2502 Mt. Zion Road, York, Pa. 17402—Phone 717-755-3361) state that over 90% of the muskie taken here are caught on a jig, which locally is called a bucktail, size 5-0. Asking about color, the reply I got was "anything is good so long as its red and white." Spinning rods in medium stiffness with 8 to 10 lb. test line is preferred. Swivels and wire leaders are frowned on by the local experts who each year catch the bulk of those fish taken, because newcomers to this area don't know of the local methods.

The river during this time of the year often poses some problem because of its high flow and the great number of rocks strewn all over. Just below York Haven Dam is the Falmouth access area and here most of the fishermen are congregated. Boaters who go out anchor below the fast water from the dam and cast toward the rock piles. Casting out letting the jig settle for an instant, pull, reel in, let it settle for an instant, pull, reel in and repeat. It's the same method I've always used for walleye. Most strikes are realized when the lure settles down on the pause, and the strike is automatic when on the pull you find yourself either hung up or onto a fish. Take along plenty of jigs on your trip and also plenty of warm clothing as temperatures often get down to the low teens during this time of the year.

A limited number of boats are available here for rental from a local store owner (Walter Hess, R.D. #1, Bainbridge, Pa. 17502—Phone 717-367-2965). If you're planning a weekend trip call early. Walter is quite an authority on muskie fishing in this area and has on file hundreds of pictures of muskie taken over the last several years. Hotel accommodations are plentiful in nearby Elizabethtown, Middletown, Harrisburg and York. Brunner Island can be reached on the York County side of the river via Route 382 to York Haven then on River Road to Brunner's Island. Happy Muskie Hunt!
Beginning with this issue is the first of a three part series on "Fishing in Pennsylvania." It's hoped that fishermen who would like to know a little more about fishing equipment, methods, and techniques will discover some things they didn't know before and will therefore be more successful—and find the sport even more fun than they have in the past.

Parts two and three will appear in the February and March issues.

by JAMES T. VALENTINE
art by Chuck Ripper

PART ONE

INTRODUCTION

Life in Pennsylvania has undergone a tremendous change during the past few years. The introduction of automation, mechanization, and other time and work-saving devices has given our citizens more and more leisure time. And this spare time has given them the opportunity to look to the outdoors for fun and recreation. And with this increase in outdoor recreation there has evolved a vast army of new fishermen; novice fishermen, willing and eager to get outdoors, have fun, and catch fish.

With the new fishermen in mind we have compiled information on catching fish in Pennsylvania. This material will be presented in basic, simple, and understandable language, omitting the maze of complicated terminology used in some publications.

No attempt will be made to split hairs by arguing that a size twenty-two dry fly is much more effective than a size eighteen. Nor do we endorse the use of the spinning rod over the fly rod. Our purpose is to introduce the novice angler to the various types of fishing equipment, present information on how to use this equipment, and suggest some effective methods of catching the many fish found in the waters of Pennsylvania.

A few "rules" are listed which the novice will find necessary for success. We subscribe to the theory that the "best" time to go fishing is any time you have the opportunity. There is, however, a big difference between fishing and catching fish. The information in this booklet will deal with catching fish. Read, study, and analyze the material, then go fishing—and catch fish!
FLY RODS

In this day and age of offering the customer a wide range from which to choose, the rod manufacturers have not slighted the fly rod. A prospective fly rod buyer can start by looking at the tiny ultra-light six foot fly rod and examine scores of rods with various lengths and actions until he reaches the giant salmon rods that measure well over nine feet. At first this may seem confusing, but remember the simple rule of thumb to use when purchasing a rod of any type. Ask yourself the question, "What kind of fish do I expect to catch?" Different fly rods are designed for different purposes: some for casting dry flies, some for wet flies, some for bass bugs and poppers, and some can even do a fairly good job at all of the above.

The novice would do well, when buying his first fly rod, to avoid the extremes. Buy neither the shortest rod nor the longest. Stay away from the very stiff actions and the soft wispy ones. Choose instead a 7½ or 8 foot fly rod, and settle for a medium action. This will suffice for a starter and later on, after you have experimented and gained additional skills, then perhaps you may want to try one of the more specialized fly rods.

FLY LINES

In purchasing a fly line you can choose a level line, double taper line, or a weight forward or "torpedo-head" line. The particular type of line you choose will depend to a great extent on the kind of fishing you plan to do. You must remember, however, that certain size lines fit or match certain type rods, and a line either too heavy or too light will result in very poor casting. Whichever type you purchase, be sure that it matches your rod. Reputable rod manufacturers inform you on the size line that should be used with each individual rod. If in doubt about what size to buy—ask someone who knows!

continued on next page
FISHING IN PENNSYLVANIA

The level line is so named because it has the same diameter throughout its entire length. It can be used for certain types of fly casting, can handle fly rod lures and poppers, and is excellent for live bait fishing. This is the most inexpensive type of fly line and should be adequate for the novice fisherman.

Double taper lines have the heaviest section in the middle and taper down towards the ends. This is an excellent line for dry fly fishing; however, a good double taper line can be quite expensive.

Weight forward lines have the heavy section near the forward part of the line. This is needed for working some of the heavier lures such as bass bugs and poppers. This type of line is also relatively expensive.

It is recommend that the novice angler start with a level line that matches his rod. Experience will tell if another type is necessary. The two most important items in fly casting are the rod itself and the fly line. With this in mind, invest in a good rod and line and settle for a less expensive reel.

FLY REELS

Fly reels are generally broken into two groups—the single action reels and the automatic reels. Whichever you choose will have little effect on your ability to cast since the reel does not play an important part in fly casting as it does in spinning or bait-casting. Fly casting is done with the rod and the line. The rod acts as a lever and the line provides the weight. A well-matched rod and line, in the hands of an experienced fly caster, will make hitting a target fifty or sixty feet away seem easy regardless of the type of reel that is being used.

The single action fly reel is operated by hand and will collect the line or pay out line as the handle is turned. This is a very light, simple reel, and a suitable, inexpensive one for the beginner.

The automatic fly reel makes the job of handling line quite a bit easier. A spring, enclosed in the reel housing is wound as the line is stripped off and when the lever is pressed, retrieves the line automatically. A bit heavier and more expensive, as an all-around reel for fly casting, bait fishing, etc., it does an excellent job. With very little practice the novice can learn to operate it efficiently.

SPINNING EQUIPMENT

Prior to World War II most of the fishing in Pennsylvania was done with either the fly rod or the bait casting rod. After the war the spinning rod was introduced, and since that time it has gained favor with a great many fishermen. At first sight the spinning rod seemed awkward, complex, and difficult to use. However, fishermen tried these rods and were quick to realize that after a few minutes of practice they could cast a quarter ounce lure thirty yards or more. After an hour or so, they were handling the rods like experts. The introduction of the spinning rod has almost completely revolutionized fishing. The very small, fish fooling lures can be cast farther, reaching hitherto inaccessible places.

There is only one true spinning outfit. The rod is rather long—from six to eight feet. It is equipped with a long straight handle and has large line guides. The reel hangs on the underside of the handle. In casting, the reel spool remains stationary and the line “peels” or spins off the spool.

We have a variation of the spinning reel called a push-button or closed-face reel. It too has a stationary spool and the line “peels” off rather than coming off a revolving spool. This is where the similarity ends. In this outfit the reel is mounted on the top of the rod handle. The rod is very much like a bait casting rod in appearance and use. In reality, then, this is a combination of spinning and bait casting and is referred to as spin-casting.

SPINNING RODS

Spinning rods may be purchased in a variety of lengths and actions. Assuming that you, the novice fisherman, are looking for an all-around outfit that will work well in the catching of pan fish, trout, bass, and walleye, we would suggest you consider a 6½ or 7 foot medium action fiberglass rod. This type rod will handle lures from ¼ and ½ ounce.
the spinning rods. The larger guides allow the spinning line, that is peeling off the reel in coils, freedom to slip through with a minimum of resistance. This, of course, results in greater casting distance.

The spin-casting outfit has certain advantages over the spinning rod. A novice can master this outfit in a very short time. Most experts also agree that a greater degree of casting accuracy can be obtained with this outfit.

There is no question that spin-casting outfits are excellent for the novice as well as the experienced angler. A 6½ foot medium action rod, made of fiberglass, would be a good choice for the new fisherman.

**SPIN-CASTING REELS**

Spin-casting reels, or push-button reels as they are sometimes called, are offered in as wide a choice as the spinning reels. A veteran fisherman friend can perhaps introduce the beginner to his tried and tested favorites.

**SPIN-CASTING LINES**

Monofilament line is used with spin-casting equipment. The pound test line you use depends to a great extent on the type of fish you expect to catch. For instance, if you are after some of the larger species, such as walleye, and the possibility of landing a fish in the six to eight pound class is good, an eight or ten pound test line would be suitable. For trout fishing, a four or six pound test line will do a good job. In general, a six pound test line is recommended for use on the spin-casting outfit for the beginner.

**BAIT-CASTING EQUIPMENT**

While spin casting is becoming very popular, bait-casting rods are still preferred by a small group of fishermen who rely on deadly accurate casting to produce fish. Large-mouth bass, for instance, tend to lurk in and around deadfalls, sunken logs, and lily pads. This fighter will sometimes refuse to move more than a few inches for a lure, so placing it right in front of his nose is a must.

Casting to a log or particular hole in the lily pads and hitting the mark repeatedly demand extremely accurate casting. The bait-casting outfit will provide the tools for this type of critical casting. This, however, is a more specialized type of fishing and is better left to the expert fisherman.

The second group who seem to prefer bait-casting equipment are the fishermen who are after the larger members of the pike family, namely muskellunge and northern pike. Since many of these fish caught are in the twenty pound class, it becomes obvious that heavier equipment is a must.

**BAIT-CASTING RODS**

Bait-casting rods are available in a variety of actions. The term action, as we understand it, is used to describe the whip or spring in the rod that causes the lure to be cast. Generally speaking, the more action or whip, the lighter the lure that can be cast with that particular rod. A me-
THIRTEEN YEARS AGO A CRIPPLED B-25 SET DOWN ON THE MONONGAHELA RIVER ONLY A FEW MILES UPSTREAM FROM PITTSBURGH’S GOLDEN TRIANGLE. MANY OF TODAY'S RECREATIONAL BOATERS WHO ENJOY THEIR SPORT ON THAT STRETCH OF THE RIVER MAY NEVER HAVE HEARD THE STORY OF . . .

The Mysterious Mon

THE MONONGAHELA RIVER, surging northward into Western Pennsylvania's industrial heartland, has churned up mystery upon mystery through the years.

Like the live alligator that was discovered in the river at the turn of the century. The huge reptile, with jaws powerful enough to rip off a man's leg, was turned over to Carnegie Museum, but no explanation was ever ventured as to its origin.

Then there was the time Pittsburgh police investigated a car that drifted off a wharf into the Mon's murky depths. The police dredged, and—behold!—came up with a car. Unfortunately, it was not the yellow convertible they had been seeking.

Fishermen turned up another Mon mystery. While casting from the south shore near Pittsburgh, they uncovered a fossil of a tusk of a gigantic animal.

Experts found the answer to this one, however. They ascertained the animal was a prehistoric elephant—a mastodon—shedding a little more light on the region's dark past.

But one mystery of the Monongahela River, still unsolved, remains the most baffling of all.

How could a river swallow a 62-foot-long airplane, with a wingspan of 55 feet, and leave no trace of it?

The 128 miles long Mon did it—13 years ago. And not so much as a propeller blade has ever been found!

In this chapter of Mysteries of the Mon, the chief elements are courage, controversy and frustration.

Late in the afternoon of January 31, 1956, an Air Force B-25 converted bomber, with a three-man crew and four passengers, all military men, took off from Nellis Air Force Base, Las Vegas, Nevada, bound for Washington, D.C.

The plane made a refueling stop in Detroit, Michigan, where one passenger departed. Another stop was planned for Olmstead Air Force Base, near Harrisburg.

The plane never made Olmstead.

The pilot, Major William L. Dotson, found his fuel gauge over Butler County dangerously low.

He then changed the course of the twin-engined B-25 and headed for Allegheny County Airport.

The snaky Monongahela River came into view and the pilot considered the ribbon of water as a possible emergency landing strip.

"Then I noticed the fuel index registered empty," Dotson later recalled, "and I started flying along the river looking for a place to glide down.

"I wanted to avoid crashing in a congested area."

Meanwhile, the co-pilot, Captain J. F. Jamieson, sent out distress calls on the radio.

"May Day . . . May Day . . . May Day . . ."

The engines quit and the plane spilled into the river between two bridges, a geyser of water punching at the sky.

The location was about six miles southeast of Pittsburgh's famed Golden Triangle.

"Water splashed over the plane and we pulled out the top hatch," related Dotson.


Sergeant William E. Soocey and Captain J. P. Ingram escaped by the same route, but Airman Charles L. Smith and Sergeant Alfred J. Alleman were forced to use a side hatch and go under the frigid water to escape.
The river was swift and swollen, filled with ice chunks. As the bulky plane floated downstream, hundreds of spectators lined both shores. Some observed the men standing on the wing or tail section.

The plane floated for about a mile. The submarine-shaped hull then nosed forward and the craft gracefully sank.

Maj. Dotson had been confident he could put the B-25 down on the water safely. He was also confident the men could swim to shore.

He was nearly right.

Four men were rescued; two drowned.

Three survivors were picked up by boats dispatched to the scene. The fourth was found floundering 20 feet out in the water and was helped to safety.

The tragedy was over. But the mystery was just beginning.

The U.S. Coast Guard, the Police River Patrol and the Army Corps of Engineers began a search for the submerged plane and two missing bodies.

Almost immediately, the River Patrol boat snagged what its crew thought was the B-25. The spot was three-quarters of a mile downstream from where the plane sank.

The location was marked with a lighted buoy. A later search proved futile. The snagged object was not the plane.

Soon after, a Civil Air Patrol plane began an aerial search of the stretch of river where the B-25 went down. What was thought to be the tail section of the craft was spotted.

The pilot said he saw the water "boiling furiously" around an object just below the surface.

Nothing came of this "sighting" either.

Meanwhile, the river, in a surly mood, did her best to hamper dragging operations.

The waters were fast and roily, and the run-off from winter snows and rains had pushed them over their banks.

"Experts Fail To Find Plane," read the headline in one Pittsburgh newspaper a week after the crash. River experts were "baffled," the story went on to say.

Finding a B-25 in the Mon was getting to be tougher than finding a needle in a haystack.

The Army Engineers—using a million dollars worth of equipment to drag a three-mile stretch of river—were thinking about junking their $1,000-a-day fishing expedition in favor of more scientific methods.

They employed a sounding device that, working on the principle of sonar, would show an abrupt change in depth of the water, indicating a large submerged object.

They also used a gadget to detect radioactivity, since some of the plane's instrument dials were radium-coated to enable reading in the dark.

The Air Force, quite naturally, was anxious to locate the wreckage, as well as the bodies, to make a complete investigation into the cause of the crash.

About that time, several divergent theories developed about how such a plane could disappear in a river 1,200 feet wide with a depth ranging from 12 to 30 feet.

One line of thought was that the plane was wallowing...
Those who have gone fishing in winter pretty well know the score on ice-fishing. Others who have not, but who are tempted to get involved, have a slight disadvantage in that they have little or no experience to draw upon. Techniques for catching fish when ponds are blanketed under layers of ice remain largely a mystery to many.

The first problem facing fishermen is getting lines through that thick barrier of ice in order to reach the fish schooled below. Ice often measures upward of six to seven inches, and may run much deeper than that. Minimum safety thickness is a solid four inches.

Most fishermen cut holes in the ice by using a chisel, ax, auger or chain-saw. The ax is adequate for this task, though least suitable of the four mentioned, while the power chain-saw does the job fast, but is on the expensive side to own and bulky to carry. Most settle for a long-handled chisel, usually a home-made affair consisting of a broad wood-type chisel fitted to a length of pipe. Cutting edge is kept sharp to make chipping easy. A rope should be tied to the handle as a precaution against dropping the chisel through the hole and losing it. Also very popular are the variety of commercial augers on the market today.

The ice hole seldom needs to be larger than six or seven-inches in diameter. A good size fish can be pulled through one of this size and bigger holes can be dangerous. Edges should be chipped smooth to prevent cutting or fraying lines.

A skimmer tool is helpful though by no means as important as the ice-chopping instrument. It aids in removing slush and skins of ice that form across the hole when temperatures are below freezing. These, likewise, may be home-made affairs or purchased from a local sports shop. Long handle soup ladles or dippers, punched with holes, are suitable. A rather simple one, resembling an oversized...
fly-swatter, is made with a heavy wire frame covered with 
1/4-inch wire mesh and fitted to a wooden handle.

One or two galvanized buckets are handy on the ice. 
Minnows or other live-baits are customarily carried in one 
bucket. Gear—extra hooks, lines, sinkers, tip-ups, skimmer, 
jig-rods, lunch, gloves, etc.—can be carried in the other. And a small board placed across galvanized-type 
bucket provides a good seat on the ice.

Probably the most popular fishing rig is the tip-up which 
dispenses line when a fish seizes and runs with the bait, 
and at the same time signals to fishermen that action is at 
hand. One commercial model has braces which unfold for 
setting across the ice-hole, and an upright arm which sus-
pends the reel and line in the water below the ice. Line 
pulled from the reel triggers a flag which pops up to signal 
the fisherman. Skims of ice that form across holes rarely 
interfere with the operation of this tip-up.

Pennsylvania laws allow fishermen to operate five tip-ups 
at one time. Fishermen usually set up this number in holes 
chipped across some cove, and find that they stand a better 
chance of catching fish than when a fewer number is used.

A good plan of action is to measure depth of water be-
neath each ice hole. A hand line and sinker can be dropped 
into the hole and knots or yardage counted as the sinker 
settler to the bottom. Various depths may then be tried 
until the strikes begin.

A hand-line and bobber can also be used. The bobber 
suspends the bait at the desired depth and then signals 
when fish are biting. Surplus line is wound on some type 
of holder, often one consisting of a small frame-work of 
wood or plastic.

Jig-fishing is another popular ice fishing method. It is 
possible that more than might ordinarily be caught can be 
attacted this way although the angler can't use as many.

All sorts of rods can become "jig sticks," ranging from 
handle portion of fly rods to complete spin-casting poles, 
complete with reels. However, a regular reel may soon 
clog with ice and become inoperative. Many dispense 
with this summer-time gear, and cut out a suitably shaped 
stick from soft wood. The stick usually has an enlarged 
center portion which serves to store line, and a large eye-
screw fitted to one end for the line to pass through.

All this brings us to the subject of baits suitable for 
winter fishing. A recent issue of the ANGLER carried a 
story on finding bait during winter months. A short resume 
of this article might prove helpful for those who missed 
reading this feature.

Live baits for winter fishing include almost anything 
edible that is available. These include: 1) larvae of corn-
borer remaining in old stalks in fields; 2) grubs found in 
galls of old stems of goldenrod; 3) larvae in old wasps' 
nexts; 4) minnows from brooks and rills; 5) golden-grubs 
found in chaff and damp grain in grist mills; 6) worms and 
7) crickets, if you are lucky enough to have some stored 
in the basement of your home.

Catch the first fish and the bait problem is solved. Small 
strips of skin, with fins attached, become suitable baits. 
So do chunks of flesh, and even eye-balls and gills from 
this catch.

Live baits are most generally used with tip-up rigs, 
while metal spoons and weighted flies are perfectly alright, 
indeed even preferred, for jig-fishing when the angler 
keeps them in constant motion. Polished lures moved 
about beneath the hole through which sunlight descends 
often attract fish from afar.
CADDIS-FLIES ARE WELL KNOWN TO TROUT all over the world. A member of the order Trichoptera, caddis are also known as sedges and in Ireland they are sometimes called rails. Entomologists now believe that there are more caddis species in existence than mayflies. However, many species are considered unimportant from the fly fishermen's standpoint and the specific imitation of the more common types, with a few general patterns to meet the occasional odd situation, will fill the needs of most anglers.

Caddis are often mistaken for moths, particularly in flight, but there are differences that make them easy to recognize. Caddis have long antennae which seem to point the way in flight and at rest they fold their four wings over the body in tent-like fashion. A close look at a caddis under a powerful glass will reveal that its wings are covered with tiny hairs, whereas the wings of moths are covered with minute scales.

There are two occasions which suggest the use of a dry fly caddis imitation. The first is at the insect's time of emergence and the second is when the females return to the water to lay their eggs. On emergence the caddis often rides the water for some time before flying away. But unlike the usual serene float of the mayfly dun, the caddis rides the water nervously flitting, whirling, fluttering and skipping, an action trout find hard to resist. This erratic behavior ought to be imitated by the angler by subtle little twitches of the rod tip, a procedure that takes some practice to achieve properly without over-doing.

In some species the female caddis lay their eggs on the water, while in others they swim under the surface to deposit their eggs on the stream bottom or on some submerged object. Knowingly or not, the old-time wet fly fishermen imitated this latter trait and much of the effectiveness of the winged wet fly has been attributed to its imitation of the submerged, egg-laying caddis.

The late Sid Gordon observed that the underwater swim of the female was often preceded by a dive from the air, by which means entry through the water's surface film was

continued on page 25
TYING THE CINNAMON SEDGE:

No. 1—Secure a size 14 fine-wire hook in vise and tie in fine yellow tying thread just ahead of bend.

No. 2—From a cinnamon-colored turkey quill feather cut a section about 1½ wide.

No. 3—Stroke quill fibers until they are straight and clamp thin end of quill in hackle pliers. Coat outside surface of quill (side most distinctly marked) with thin coating of vinyl cement, spread with bodkin needle. Set quill section aside to dry.

No. 4—Tie in one brown and one grizzly hackle of good quality and proper size. Length of hackle fibers should be 1½ to 2 times gap of hook. Hackles should be tied in to stand vertically with glossy sides facing eye of hook. Bend hackle butts forward and bind to shank with several turns of thread. Trim away excess hackle butts and return thread to original position.

No. 5—Mix a dubbing of yellow seal fur and tan Cross fox fur. Wind a section of the tying thread (about 3") and apply dubbing to thread with finger tips, rolling fur evenly around thread.

No. 6—Wind dubbed thread forward and half-hitch behind eye of hook. Body should be medium-thick and coarse, as shown.

No. 7—Grasp tip of front hackle with hackle pliers and wind Palmer fashion over body. Tie off behind eye and half-hitch. Repeat operation with rear hackle, spacing winds same as front hackle. Trim away excess hackle tips.

No. 8—With fine-pointed scissors, carefully cut a wide V out of hackle on top of body.

No. 9—Pick up turkey quill section prepared in Step 3 and fold along its length with vinyl coating on outside. Cut a 10" length of thread (any color). Hold folded quill between left thumb and forefinger, exposing butt end, and insert end of thread between thumb and quill. Squeeze thread tightly against quill with thumb and loop long end of thread twice around quill. Close ends of thumb and forefinger around loops and pull thread tight with right hand. Without releasing left hand hold, make two half-hitches over tightened loops. Trim off ends of thread. This operation pre-forms the wing independent of the hook and permits its attachment to the hook without crushing the hackles. Trim end of wing to shape shown in Step 10. Wing should be about twice body length. With thumbnail, open underside of wing until wing is tent-shaped.

No. 10—Grasping crimped wing butts with right hand, hold wing in position and bind securely to hook with left hand. Be sure only crimped portion is bound, otherwise shape of wing will be altered. Trim away excess butts, build up a neat head with tying thread and whip finish.

No. 11—Cut a wide V out of hackle on underside of body, leaving only hackle fibers extending out laterally. Apply a drop of head cement or lacquer to head.

No. 12—Completed Cinnamon Sedge.
WHEN ITS NORMAL DIET of insects and spiders is hard to secure the tufted titmouse welcomes suet and sunflower seeds. At the turn of the century titmice were considered Carolinians; now they make our state the northernmost limit of their range.

Afield in January

The chickadees usually suggest it. They swoop down on the suet and sunflower seeds at the bird tray outside the kitchen window, gayly calling to each other, ignoring the icy, boisterous winds that vainly try to carry them somewhere else, and soon I have on my galoshes, my ancient hat, and mackinaw. My wife usually encourages me to wear her gift, ear muffs, but I don't; I'm afraid I'll miss something I should hear. Soon I find myself taking one or another of my favorite trails; occasionally I wonder as I trip on a snow-hidden log or as I am about buried in a snowslide why I ever left the comfort of the kitchen window. But there's something about being abroad in January, or February, or March that I can't resist.

There are a greater number of birds about my lawn and orchard, encouraged by the feeder, probably, than I'll find on my walk. Today, along with English sparrows and starlings, our visitors included the hairy and downy woodpeckers, a song sparrow, juncos, nutcrackers, and the chickadees. Usually the titmice are very evident, but I didn't meet them until later in the day. A friend from a neighboring town is intrigued by the nuthatches that travel head first down the tree trunk. They never visit his food tray. But then, he has wild pigeons that I never see at mine.

... the meek shall inherit the earth ...

Last fall just below the orchard was as fine a stand of goldenrods as ever yellowed an autumn countryside. Today the gold is gone; each plant has a snowy crest. And down the stalk on about one out of every five plants is an odd swelling... about the size of a marble. These are galls. They are found on a variety of plants... the oaks and junipers are often victims in these parts... and they are caused by one-celled, non-green plants, certain insects, and a few other invertebrates. The plant suffers some indignity as when a midge or a wasp pierces the epidermis and lays an egg in the tissues of the goldenrod. Here the tiny creature goes through most of the stages of its life cycle. The plant cannot evict the newcomer but it is stimulated to produce extra cells in a vain attempt to wall off the intruder who uses part of the new cell growth for food. The goldenrod usually lives through the experience but is permanently shaped by it.

... winter wreaths ...

On the long slope of pasture land that leads down to the stream, the snow has greatly evaporated and the old field is irregularly polka-dotted with circles of leaves that are almost summer green. The leaves radiate outward from the center, dandelion fashion, to form circular clusters that seem to huddle in the general stubble, absorbing the sunshine and escaping the sharp wind. They are the start of next season's common mullein and teasel, but there is no sign of the tall, upright stalk that is so characteristic of both plants. Of course, the woolly leaves of one and the prickly leaves of the other give away their identity. But comes warm weather, the foundation is there that will send up the stalk, and these rosettes, having played their part, soon dry up and disappear.

... winter insects ...

One nice thing about a winter walk, I decide when I reach the stream, is the absence of the minute flies that last by CARSTEN AHRENS

SOME TALL WEEDS such as the common mullein and teasel spend the autumn, winter, and spring in leafy rosettes flattened against the ground and protected by surrounding plants from icy winds.
summer seemed to be fascinated by my eyes. Exasperating little chaps! One experiences in January the sting of the wind but not of mosquitoes, no-see-ums, and all their pesky allies. The low temperatures hold them motionless under the bark, in the soil, in water, even in the debris on the stream bed, in seed pods, or in their self-made cocoons or chrysalids. If they are not hidden securely, the sharp eyes of the nuthatch, several kinds of woodpeckers, or the titmouse will find them out. Many of them are deceived by a warm day or two that occur occasionally in mid-winter. Some flies, lady bugs, bees overwinter as adults and during a mild spell will crawl out of hiding and move about a bit. I've seen the mourning cloak and the painted lady... both butterflies... in January. They add a lovely and at the same time incongruous note to a wintry scene, but shouldn't be mistaken as a sign that an early spring is at hand.

I didn't take the little foot-bridge across the frozen brook, but chose a short cut on the old stepping stones instead. They were dry on top yet firmly frozen into the petrified stream. The ice wasn't clear enough to see water beneath, but one was aware of the vague movement of the vegetation below not frozen in the ice. I could even hear the soft purling below if I listened between the caws of this crow. He arched his neck and seemed disturbed crow in a dead elm not far down the creek. Some birds can warble without any effort or apparent exertion but not this crow. He arched his neck and seemed to utilize every muscle to get out his harsh shouts.

...what is a good fence... 

There's a sturdy stile over the fence that separates the pasture and stream from Martha Moore's tidy apple farms. I always use the stile for it seems comfortably old-fashioned to walk over a fence rather than to crawl under the wires. Martha's fences, barren as deserts, are old-fashioned, too. We've argued much about it, but she's like Robert Frost's neighbor: "Good fences (and she'd add, 'Clean fence rows'), make good neighbors." Every fence on her estate is taut and trim. Not an ivy twine up a wire. Not a bird nests in spring, not a sumac flames in fall, nor does one pick wild berries in summer along her fence rows.

...trees in winter... 

Another stile led me into state park land where there are many trees and shrubs... some 42 on my list. Winter is a good time to discover if one really knows the woody plants. Most people identify trees by their very characteristic leaves... the tulip, oak, maple, gingko, linden, or sassafras just couldn't be mistaken for anything else. But after leaves fall, a lot of us become confused. But tree genera have certain shapes, bark, and winter buds that are as characteristic as the leaves. You may not be able to tell which species a particular tree is but you'll know to what group it belongs; that is, you'll know it's an oak or one of the maples, etc.

Winter buds are helpful in identifying and also just plain interesting, for Nature does such a neat job, usually, of getting them ready for the winter. I say "usually" because the buds of the horse chestnut, the buckeye, and a few others are cluttered up with a glue that makes them a bit messy. Most of any tree is composed of dead cells, but the buds are alive and must be kept from drying out during the winter. Examine some winter buds... dogwood, gingko, magnolia, currant... and you'll see what an expert

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Nature is at wrapping up life for the dormant season. Often it's an artistic job, too. See the buds of the silver maple; they're my favorites.

A winter branch... a catalpa, for instance... can tell you many things about itself. Although the leaves are gone, their falling left scars where they were attached as well as scars where their sap-bearing tubes were located. Find where last year's terminal bud was... you can tell it by a heavy ring of old scales... and then see how much the branch grew during the season just past. In a young catalpa, this growth may seem prodigious... as much as six feet. From the circle of leaf scars at each node, you'll find that the catalpa grows its leaves in whorls of three or more (instead of opposite as in an ash or maple, or alternate as in an elm or mulberry). And everywhere will be sprinkled tiny openings, the lenticels, which provide the tree with oxygen during this leafless time.

...a cocoon collection...

When I walk through one shubby area, I am always on the lookout for the cocoons of our large American moths, the Polyphemus and the Cecropia. The silk shelter of the first is oval, and the second is larger and may assume a variety of shapes. Usually our kitchen window holds six or more twigs bearing cocoons from which the colorful moths will emerge along about June to the delight and amazement of anyone who happens by. The males can be identified by the large, fernlike antennae; the female's "feelers" are far simpler. I always give the cocoon collection a good soaking when I happen to think about it because our houses are dry and each cocoon would have been in rain frequently had I left it out on the hillside.

An acquaintance, a curator of insects in a large museum, regards these big moths as pests. Every June many people who have never seen these incredible creatures happen on one. They conclude it is a rare "bug" and must be worth a good deal. So they take it, or more often mail it to the museum, expecting quite a reward. So there is much explaining to do. The insect is not rare in the first place, and in the second place, it shouldn't have been entrusted to Uncle Sam in just a paper envelope for it is smashed almost beyond recognition by the time it reaches the Division of Insects.

...leaving tracks...

The tracks of only a few mammals... rabbits, dogs, deer... were encountered today. But the snow lies as deep as six inches in many places, and the smaller rodents, if they are moving about at all this early in their hibernation time, would be tunneling beneath the snow. There were tracks of a solitary crow and of a flock of juncos near the spring. Their marks demonstrated clearly that some birds like a crow stride along while others hop.

...kitchen to kitchen...

And so my walk ended where it started, at the kitchen door, and the odor of the roast made me glad to be back home. It's good to be afielde occasionally... not to escape from life, but to see life from a different angle. Our days are often cluttered up with committee meetings, workshops, buzz sessions, and all sorts of chairman-dominated get-togethers. Close up they may seem enormously important; from a stump on a hillside they are apt to be just minutes in a notebook which a decade from now most everyone will have forgotten.
OUTDOORSMEN ARE DISCOVERING something else to do on those cold winter days—take a run with the family snowmobile!

THE PLOT OF THE LATE MOVIE had thickened to about the consistency of April mud, so I flicked the switch on the boob tube and hit the hay. Fresh snow had fallen, adding a few additional inches to an already adequate blanket of white. Then the usual midnight calm of this little Northeastern Pennsylvania village was broken by the drone of a two stroke gasoline engine somewhere on the hill behind the house. At times it was a steady wheeze, like a chain saw slicing through a thick old maple and ginned sporadically, just like when branches are trimmed.

Never noted for being too sharp at 1:00 A.M., I spent the next few minutes wondering which one of my squirrely playmates was gathering firewood at this hour of the morning. As the minutes passed, I concluded further that this cat must surely be getting himself a wagon load!

But within minutes a second, then a third engine droned into hearing—then it hit me—SNOWMOBILES! Looking out the back window, I was able to follow their flight by the light of their headlamps—brightly lighting the way—wherever that was! Accepting the fact that it does indeed take all kinds of people to make a world, I rolled in and called it a night. That's when I first started wondering about snow-mobilers.

Homemade snow-travel machines have been put together in garages and barns probably farther back than many of us remember but “store-bought” units are relatively new. When the Sno-this's, Sno-thats, Ski-whats, and Ski-whiches began appearing at dealers throughout the state not too many years ago, I felt genuinely sorry for the manufacturers—had they but given me a call, I would have pointed out a dozen reasons why these machines wouldn’t sell profitably. But nearly forty producers proved I was wrong nearly 200,000 times in 1968 alone!

The mushrooming popularity of snowmobiling is stunning indeed. In Pennsylvania it's fast becoming the winter counterpart of motorboating as a “GO” activity. Who are the snowmobilers? Outdoor lovers! Generally their other hobbies invariably include fishing, hunting, skiing, skating, and hiking. From “SNOW-GOER,” the international snowmobile magazine, “Mr. Average Snowmobiler makes quite a picture—he is 31 years old, makes $7,500.00 per year, bought his snowmobile new in January of 1967, and paid $900.00 for a 16 hp horsepower machine that is used by his wife and one and a half children. He prefers hunting and fishing in the non-snow months and graduated from high school!
A snowmobile isn’t something for indoor types. Whizzing along at 30 or 40 miles an hour on a zero day is chilly business. Other popular uses by snowmobile clubs. It’s an exciting way to see a lot of country, but shouldn’t be attempted except with a party of several machines.

Some of the “different” facts that turned up:
- 1% of snowmobilers are bird watchers
- 1.3% are between the ages of 58 and 63
- 1% earn $80,000.00 per year
- 0.4% have ten children operating the vehicle
- 1.3% buy their machines in July!

While the basic “caterpillar” type drive (with ski-runner steering) prevails throughout the various pleasure lines, each manufacturer has added his own particular quirk to provide the enthusiast with something he thinks is just a little bit better. Love and loyalty to a line apparently runs high in this set. Not less than three dealers (each with a different brand) pointed proudly to their own line and told me “These are the machines that have been winning the races!” How about that—a race with no losers!

Dubbed “Snowmobiles” these machines seem equally at home on grass, leaves, or gravel—I’ve watched them negotiate dry macadam roads with apparent ease. These latter two surfaces however, are not recommended in the manuals. Available accessories lead one to believe he’ll need an addition to his garage for storage. Naturally there are trailers for highway transport. There are detachable wheel-units which convert the machine itself to its own trailer. There are conversion kits which include wheel assemblies which facilitate ‘year-round usage. High performance heads and pistons, disc brakes, trailing sleds and there’s even a ski-equipped “snow camper” which sleeps two adults. Most popular horsepower range is between 16 and 35 although we find ads listing from 10 to 50 horses available in standard lines.
SNOW SPORT

ROUGH GROUND sends racing snowmobile into the air.

Speed, top speed, that is, is one of the first considerations the "uninitiated" gives to the purchase of a new machine. Veteran operators are not nearly as concerned with this as they are for the machines' "get up and go," its traction and stability in tight turn scrambles. Speeds of 60-70 MPH are no problem to attain with the larger units—running out of space is the limiting factor.

Our frozen rivers, lakes, and streams would appear especially inviting to these snow-cats—one covered with snow. New, clear, smooth ice affords little maneuverability. A flip while skidding side-wise over a glassy surface will quickly make a believer out of a skeptic! If "Over the river and through the woods" ever sounded enticing, it's now. But—it has its hazards.

As in any other sport, knowing (and heeding) one's personal limitations along with those of the equipment in use assures abundant enjoyment with reasonably trouble free sport. With snowmobiles, few limitations have been found. They go anywhere—and they do so just about anytime the operator chooses. This unlimited travelability of these machines places a tremendous responsibility upon the operator to use especially good judgment. The alarming speed with which these power sleds can separate one man alone, much less his machine. Strangely enough, the supporting qualities of ice will vary with different locations on the same body of water. This is not news to ice fishermen. Shallow lakes, fed by many springs (and Pennsylvania has a lot of ponds like this) are notorious for patches of thin ice, which at a glance appear no different (on the surface) from the rest of the lake. In 1957-58, Lake Jean, at 2,300 feet above sea level on the Luzerne-Sullivan County line supported dump trucks loaded with tons of stackdust beautifully—only to give way at the edges of the bogs where the stackdust was to be applied. Beaver dams have fooled more trappers than you can shake a pole set at! It's an icy baptism for the unsuspecting soul who fails to recognize the danger.

Inlets and outlets of most lakes can never be trusted and adjudged "safe." While good shoreline ice can indicate generally safe ice conditions—check it out! Veteran ice fishermen, trappers, and ice-skaters are well aware of the treachery of ice. Unfortunately many of the newcomers to the snowmobile set will be newcomers to winter sports in general and would do well to "ask questions first"—and skim around later. An hour, two or three of overland travel might make the silky smooth lake surface look appealing but again—check it out! There's no better authority than a lake resident, an ice fisherman or skater to fill you in on existing ice conditions on your chosen lake.

REGULATIONS

Check state and local regulations before leaving on a safari. The use of snowmobiles is prohibited both on Fish Commission lakes and State Park lakes. They may be used, however, on lands controlled by these two agencies. Game Land roads and trails are open to snowmobiles from January 15th to April 15th (but at no time may they be used to pursue game). State Forest Lands, including abandoned log roads, trails, etc., are open to snowmobile traffic during the snow season—at this writing, there are no dates marking the beginning or end of the season. In any case, check with the local representative of the agency concerned in your area: your District Waterways Patrolman with regard to Fish Commission lands; the District Game Protector for specific interpretations with regard to use on Game Lands; the State Forester in your area if in doubt about which "log roads" are usable; the State Park Superintendent for information on marked trails and use within the Park. A new brochure from the Bureau of Parks lists the State Parks throughout the Commonwealth with winter usage.

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER
The biggest walleye under our tip-ups was only 14% inches long, a quarter inch too short to be legal. However, some ice-fishermen did catch walleyes in the 15-to-17 inch class. But by this season many should be well over the minimum size.

Tamarack Lake was completed late in 1963. It was stocked the following spring with a million walleye fry. In spring, 1965, the Pennsylvania Fish Commission gave the lake a booster shot, another million walleye fry.

The survival rate evidently was exceptional. After 18 months it was possible to catch nine-inch walleyes on almost every cast almost anywhere in the three-miles long lake, on any type of lure or bait.

By this coming January, a majority of the walleyes in Tamarack will finally reach and exceed the 15-inch minimum measurements required by the Pennsylvania Fish law.

Hot walleye fishing for the cold winter days of January, February and early-March is clearly indicated for Tamarack Lake. Grab a bucket of 3 or 4-inch minnows, your ice spud or auger and try Tamarack this winter. There should be plenty of walleyes waiting to be caught!
ALLIGATORS?

Morgan Wood of Palo Alto was fishing Beaver Creek (also called Cold Run). He happened to see a strange object in the water and young Morgan thought it was an alligator. He told his father about it but, of course, dad didn’t believe it. Young Morgan saw it twice more while fishing so finally his father went to see for himself. Sure enough there it was—an 8 inch alligator. Just about anything can happen when you go fishing in Schuylkill County!—Waterways Patrolman JAMES F. HAZEN (Schuylkill County).

TASTY “COLD FISH”

This fall, while on patrol of Lake Erie, I arrested a fisherman for fishing without a license. He said it was the first year that he had heard about the walleyes being caught in Lake Erie, and wanted to see for himself if the fishing was as good as he had heard before buying a license. After buying a license he returned home that evening with two walleyes and invited his mother over to have a fish dinner. His mother declared that they were the best fish she had ever eaten. The fisherman’s wife quickly spoke up and said they were gold fish. The fisherman disagreed and stated that he had caught them and knew that they were walleyes, not gold fish. His wife replied, “They might be walleyes to you, but I found a receipt in your pocket that you paid $25.00 for fishing without a license. These fish are gold fish!”—Watercraft Safety Officer NORMAN ELY (Erie County).

U.F.O. (Unidentified Floating Object)

Late one evening Deputy Steve Wasler and I were on motorboat patrol of the Ohio River. Dead ahead we saw what appeared to be a smoldering charcoal grill, or perhaps the tail end of a sinking outboard. Several pleasure boaters were circling the area and keeping a safe distance from the object. As we came closer, a large cylindrical shaped, silver colored, tank was floundering in the water. Steve joked that it might be an old Japanese torpedo left over from World War II. Actually it was a 100 pound bottle of propane that had tumbled from a barge tow. After quite a struggle Steve and I wrestled the tank into the boat and delivered it up river to a very grateful tow captain.—Waterways Patrolman DONALD PARRISH (Beaver County).

CROSS BREED

Recently while assisting with a live fish exhibit at the York County Fair I overheard a small boy ask his father the origin of the hellbender which we had on display. The father, being more familiar with salt water fish than with fresh water, told him that the hellbender was a cross between an alligator and a musky. He then went to great effort to point out his reasons; it had the long tail of the alligator and the mouth and gills of a musky!—Waterways Patrolman PERRY D. HEATH (Cumberland-Perry Counties).

ALL SUMMER—

At the Allegheny Fair in South Park last summer a lady walked up to the booth and picked up an information sheet about how to catch fish through the ice. She quickly placed it back on the counter and said, “Oh, no, he fishes all summer now!”—Waterways Patrolman DONALD PARRISH (Beaver County).

“THEY’RE WARDENS!”

While on routine patrol of Pike County, accompanied by Waterways Patrolman Badner, we came upon a camp dump where two black bears were feeding. As we approached the dump, we noticed two carloads of people sitting in their cars watching. Mr. Badner and I parked our car, got out...
and walked up to within a few feet of the bears so I could get a good close up picture. By this time the other people had gotten out of their car and a worried woman said, "Oh my heavens, look how close those men are going to those bears." Her husband turned to her and irritably said "don't worry. The bears won't hurt those men, they're wardens!"—Waterways Patrolman JOHN STEPANSKI (Dauphin County).

**"THEY'RE FEMALES!"**

A local veteran angler was being bothered by a lady angler who was very new to the sport. She kept asking all kinds of questions. When she finally asked what the difference was between big mouth bass and small mouth bass the veteran angler thought a minute and had his answer. "The big mouth bass are the females," he said!—Waterways Patrolman RAYMOND HOOVER (Tioga County).

**NEEDED CONVINCING**

Having introduced the muskie in Mifflin and Juniata Counties waters I let it be known that when they reached legal size I would like to secure heads for display in my office. Through the generosity of Mr. William Swineford of Lewistown (who landed two during the summer) and Mr. James Yeutter of Port Royal (who landed three), I got the heads. Then, Mrs. Frank Kupper of Lewistown (whose husband also landed one), very graciously offered to dry and stretch them for me. Being especially enthusiastic about the success of the muskie program in the area, I decided to use these mounts for display at the Juniata County Fair. You just can’t imagine the comments received—seems folks just didn’t believe this terrific game fish was being caught locally. Many, many people insisted they just had to come from Canada and it took a lot of talking to convince them otherwise.—Waterways Patrolman RICHARD OWENS (Mifflin-Juniata Counties).

**DISAPPOINTED—**

During an in-season stocking at Bradys Run Lake, a small boy asked, "Are you giving away any free ones mister?" I replied, "No son, I’m not." Another lad chimed in, "We should have brought a net." Taking the cue, still another little fellow jumped in and scooped up a nice trout with a landing net. I calmly said, "Hey that’s against the law." The boy’s face turned a brilliant red as he disappointingly returned the fish to the water.—Waterways Patrolman DONALD PARRISH (Beaver County).

**UPPER WOODS SURPRISE**

The kokanee salmon in Wayne County’s Upper Woods Pond created a lot of good fishing this past summer. Fishermen from all sections of Pennsylvania, as well as Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, New Jersey, New York, Maine and Ohio converged on the area. Few weekends that went by without somebody getting plenty of kokanee. But you should have seen the surprises when some tangled with—but didn’t land—the lake’s tackle busting rainbow.—Waterways Patrolman HARLAND F. REYNOLDS (Wayne County).

**FAST SWIMMER?**

Layne Cober, 12, tells me this story: He and his aunt were fishing in the Raystown Branch of the Juniata River in the vicinity of Lutzville about three to four miles upstream from his aunt’s house. He was using a Colorado spinner when a nice sized fish took it. He set the hook and brought the fish to within three feet of the bank when it suddenly broke away, taking his spinner. Disgusted Layne returned to his aunt’s house. He dug a few worms and went fishing below the house. Once more a fish hit his bait but he succeeded in landing this one—a large fallfish. To his amazement he found a Colorado spinner hooked in its mouth. He said it looked exactly like the one he’d just lost.—Waterways Patrolman WILLIAM E. McILNAY (Bedford and Fulton Counties).

**WHERE NOW?**

This summer I spoke to a group of boys from the heart of New York City. They had never been out of the big town. They had no idea of what a grasshopper was, or a crayfish, or any insect life of any kind. During the talk, the subject of rattlesnakes was brought up. All very interested, as they had been warned about their presence. One boy asked if they were around at night and, of course, we told them that on warm nights they moved around. As it was chilly this night, one little boy quickly asked where they were sleeping now.—Waterways Patrolman KENNETH ALEY (Potter County).

**HARDER CHEWING AHEAD!**

I have a small pond on my property. Each year it drops about six inches, so I decided this summer to place some one-inch plastic pipe in the stream that borders the pond and run water into it. I put about 100 feet of pipe down, admired my new found flow of water, and went away for several days. When I went to check on the amount of water that had come in I found the pipe was not full, in fact it had quit running altogether. I started to check the pipe and found the upper end had been broken off about 15 feet from the end. I looked closer and found that some neighboring beavers had chewed the pipe off. I replaced the broken pipe and again went to the pond to see my handy work. Still no water so I went back to the upper end and checked again. As I checked farther downstream, I found five locations, all 15 to 20 feet apart where the pipe was chewed in half. I wonder if the beavers think they’re the only ones that have a right to use that water! I have given up until I get metal pipe. Then we’ll find out how sharp their teeth are!—Waterways Patrolman JOSEPH E. BARTLEY (Pike and Wayne Counties).
Not far West of Meshoppen in Wyoming County along Route 6, and close to the Susquehanna River is a place called the “Trail Inn,” operated by fisherman Edmund Young. The Inn has become a gathering place for local anglers. When the outsiders stop for the first time the first thing that immediately attracts their attention is the massive array of mounted fish displayed on the wall—muskies, trout, walleyes, and bass. Young says he will take bets on the first words the stranger will say; “What part of Canada were those fish caught?” is the standard opener. At this point Young leads his amazed patron to the window and points to “Myo Beach” on the Susquehanna River only a short distance away.

Myo Beach is a settlement of summer cottages, although some people reside there all year. Living there are anglers such as Ed Alexis, Leonard Strazdus and James Daily along with other full-time residents who have migrated up from the “Big Valley” (the Scranton and Wilkes Barre area). Some of these men were forced into an early retirement because of anthracosilicosis or “Miners Asthma” they contracted while working in the hardcoal mines. The river and the beautiful surroundings give them a great deal of comfort and relaxation and many spend a lot of time enjoying their favorite sport—fishing.

Ed Alexis catches a lot of the fish in the Myo Beach area. His biggest were a 42 inch muskie, weighing 18 lbs.; a 30 inch walleye weighing 11½ lbs.; and another walleye 28 inches long, weighing 8 lbs., 6 oz.

Charlie Kashuba, of Meshoppen boasts a muskie bigger than Ed’s. It weighed 19 lbs., 14 oz.

John Bendock, garage man of Laceyville caught a 5 lb., 6 oz., smallmouth bass in the same hole trolling with a minnow. Charlie’s friend, Bill Pickett assisted by netting the trophy fish. In the nearby Meshoppen Creek, Art Kemler landed the 5 lb., 8 oz., brown trout and Sam Smith landed a 5 lb., 14 oz., large mouth bass on a jitterbug. Anyway they all add up to seventy-four and a half pounds of tackle bending fishing pleasure—all taken just a few hundred yards away.

Then one day the depth recorder signalled electrically the presence of a large object on the river bottom. A search was made, but it turned out to be a wooden barge which sank years before.

On February 15, little more than two weeks after the crash, the Army Engineers suspended search operations.

It looked like the plane and the precise cause of the crash might never be found.

The weeks and months rolled by. Occasionally, someone would report seeing floating wreckage. These reports were always checked out, but to no avail.

Then the two missing bodies were found, one on April 5, 1956, and the other on May 28, 1956.

News items concerning the mysterious disappearance of the B-25 appeared far less frequently.

By the following December the Air Force had just about given up solving the mystery. It sold the salvage rights to the $200,000 airplane for $10.

The salvage operator found many things, including another sunken barge, this one loaded with scrap. He did not, however, find an airplane.

To this day the mighty Mon has not revealed where the treasure lies.

Most people have forgotten about the lost B-25. But occasionally, on the anniversary of the crash, the newspapers dig through their files and reprint the story of the crash and the airplane that has never been found.
COHOS ARRIVE!

A tremor of excitement swept through northwestern Pennsylvania early this fall as an estimated two thousand coho or silver salmon returned from Lake Erie on a premature spawning run.

Nearly all of the fish returning were precocious males running from 12 to 20 inches—but they were a year ahead of the rest of their class and were only a small part of the thousands of fish released last spring in tributaries leading into Lake Erie. But their early return proved one thing—they found plenty to eat out in the big lake and, barring unforeseen circumstances, next year should see the rest of the run return with possible sizes up to 12 pounds!

Fishermen getting a headstart on coho fishing in the Keystone State fished for and caught many of these scrappy salmon and reported them exciting to catch and "delicious" eating.

Pennsylvania Fish Commission Executive Director Robert J. Bielo and Assistant Director in charge of Fisheries Gordon L. Trembley examine one of the first coho salmon to be picked up on the 1968 run. This fish was 17½ inches when caught early in September!

continued from page 7

FISHING IN PENNSYLVANIA

A medium action bait casting rod will handle a large variety of bass plugs and would be a good choice for the beginner. Medium action rods average around 5½ to 6 feet in length. A rod with a much heavier action would be needed to handle the heavy musky plugs that weigh up to several ounces.

BAIT-CASTING REELS

The most critical piece of equipment in a bait-casting outfit is the reel. The nature of bait-casting demands a reel that operates with a high degree of mechanical efficiency and a poorly constructed reel will not measure up to this requirement. A well made bait-casting reel is well worth its price—especially at night when consistent snarling of lines could very well ruin your fishing fun.

Most casting reels are equipped with a level wind device and an anti-backlash mechanism. These are essential on any casting reel. Free spool reels that pay out line with the handle disengaged are available. Many reels are equipped with a star drag device that allows the line to slip before the breaking point is reached. These last two items are optional but are recommended if you desire the best.

The backlash has always been the biggest trouble for the baitcaster. Backlash results when the reel spool runs at a greater speed than the line. The spool overruns, the line stops quickly and becomes tangled, with the fisherman left to spend valuable fishing time trying to untangle the line. Modern bait-casting reels, with anti-backlash devices and free spooling, have all but eliminated this difficulty.

BAIT-CASTING LINES

The two most popular types of line for the bait-casting outfit are braided nylon and monofilament. If you plan to use monofilament, you must be sure your casting reel has been designed for monofilament. A spool with too much space between it and the reel housing will allow the fine line to slip between and tangle in the gears.

Braided nylon line is recommended for the beginner with fifteen pound test being suitable for all around fishing. Musky fishermen may prefer twenty or twenty-five pound test line. Color seems to make little difference, but black has always been the most popular.

PART TWO NEXT MONTH!
GOVERNOR'S CUP REGATTA

Jack Elfman, of 93 Tower Hill Rd., Doylestown, proudly returned home with the Governor’s Cup following the annual two-day regatta staged last October on the lower Susquehanna River at Long Level.

This was the third Governor’s Cup regatta, held for Lightning Class sailboats only, by the 100,000 Pennsylvanians for the Promotion of Economic Growth.

The two previous events, 1966 and 1967, were both won by Bob Adams, of Glenside. Adams came in fourth this year.

Elfman, who has 10 years of sailing experience, had as his crew his wife, Patty, and Hickman Rowland, of Philadelphia.

NEW LAKE

One of the finest inland lakes, designed specifically for the fisherman, canoeist and sailboater, is the new lake now forming at the Codorus Creek State Park, southeast of Hanover, along Rt. 218.

Although still not filled to capacity—it is expected to reach this point by next year—the lake has already been in use for the past two or three years. Temporary mooring and sanitary facilities were provided during the summer of ’68 and weekends found plenty of small craft on the water.

Naturally on a lake devoid of water skiers, or hot-rodders zooming about trailing king-size wakes, the major area of interest is in fishing and already, although stocked only a few years ago, some mighty fine specimens are being taken.

The lake was stocked with muskies, northern pike, walleye, bass and even catfish and crappie. So if the game fish aren’t biting, there’s always a good chance to take home a string of pan fish.

CALAENDAR OF EVENTS:

Jan. 22-24: National Boat Show at the Coliseum, New York City, N.Y.

Feb. 1-9: Chesapeake Bay Boat Show, 1st Regiment Armory, Baltimore, Md.
LOCAL SPORTSMEN'S CLUBS are often involved in various civic activities. They may range from money-making ventures to improve club grounds to a simple picnic for the kids. The latter is the sort of project the Apollo-Spring Church Sportsmen's Club has been involved in the past two summers.

The small village of Spring Church boasts a Cerebral Palsy Clinic. Many children from Western Pennsylvania afflicted with this disease are treated here. In cooperation with Clinic personnel, the Sportsmen's Club has opened their lake, farm, and picnic grounds for a picnic day each summer. The clinic brings a picnic lunch and soft drinks for the kids. The Sportsmen bring themselves and go all out to show the kids a good time.

Their fifteen acre lake holds pan fish, bass, catfish, and stocked trout. Members bring spare fishing rods, help tie knots, fetch worms, and demonstrate casting techniques. The kids all go for the fishing. Many are trying it for the first time.

Boats are permitted on the club lake, but motors are prohibited. Not so for this special occasion. The club has a sturdy wooden boat, and it is fitted with a small outboard. All the youngsters are given a boat ride—secure in life jackets, of course. For many, it's their first boat ride. They're wide-eyed with apprehension to start, but once used to it they never quit smiling.

When a young boy or girl catches a first fish or takes a first boat ride, they wear a smile a yard wide—affected by cerebral palsy or healthy, kids react the same way.

continued from page 13

THE CADDIS PATTERN

made. Gordon also discovered that the fly, when submerged, was enveloped in a silvery air bubble. This phenomenon is undoubtedly brought about by the roughness of the insect's body and by the short, fine hairs on its wings, all of which form an air space around the fly on contact with the water.

Fishing a dry fly under the surface is an act of sacrilege to the purist; yet, it is the dry fly with its stiff hackles which produces the most prominent air bubbles when submerged. Add a rough-textured body dubbing and you have the ideal bubble-maker.

Once I was fishing Penn's Creek when a great many caddis were both in the air and on the water. I had located a good brown trout feeding beside a log and I could plainly see him darting to right and left just under the surface, making a swirl each time he took a fly. I floated a caddis dry over him many times, both as a free drift and with a twitching retrieve, but he paid scant attention to it. Finally I unintentionally twitched the fly too hard and it ducked under the surface. There was an immediate swirl as the brownie took the fly and he was eventually landed. I didn't deserve that trout but he taught me a lesson which was later explained in Sid Gordon's fine book, HOW TO FISH FROM TOP TO BOTTOM.

The Cinnamon Sedge is a caddis common to many of Pennsylvania's trout streams and the trout are fond of it. The imitation shown in the photo-illustrations works well both dry and wet, as the occasion dictates, and the method of tying can be used for any caddis imitation. The use of a thin coating of vinyl cement on the turkey quill wings improves the durability of this fragile material without stiffening or warping it as would a hard-drying lacquer or cement.
IN THESE CHILLY GRAY DAYS of early January with snow occasionally softly spreading its white blanket over the ground, few Pennsylvania campers will be planning a trip within the next month or so. It's pleasant though to recall the wonderful experiences shared during the past season and to begin, even this early, to make plans for next summer's camping trips.

Perhaps some Angler readers have received their first camping gear during the holidays and are looking for suggestions on where to go and what to do. For that first trip next spring we'd recommend a private campground where you can make advanced reservations and be assured of a spacious campsite without having to depend on the "first-come, first-served" basis of any of the more crowded state parks.

Last summer we became familiar with a spot that we'd highly recommend to the fisherman-camper whether novice or veteran. Beech Hill Camping Area is located only a few minutes, by car or by foot, from Beechwood Lake in Tioga County, one of Pennsylvania's northern tier vacationlands.

Located on top of one of the rolling hills for which this section of the state is famous, the campground offers, without a doubt, the most fabulous panoramic view of any campground we have visited. From the mountaintop you can see a rolling vista of hills and lush green farmlands in all directions.

Beechwood Lake is a 60-acre impoundment maintained and operated by the Pennsylvania Fish Commission to provide fishing enjoyment. The nearby lake can provide some excellent fishing for the campers. Included are trout, bass, pickerel, pike, sunfish and catfish. Ample parking facilities are provided as well as a boat-launching area. Motor boats are not permitted. Clean sanitary facilities are provided. The lake is located off Route 349 at Sabinsville.

Beech Hill Camping Area is located nearby on a hilltop.

There are sites for approximately 45 camping families, most of them in wooded areas with others around the perimeter of a field on the very brow of the hill. When we visited the area last year, the owner was in the process of building additional sites and roads.

It's open from May 15 to October 15. Rates are more reasonable than most private camping areas and comparable to those charged in state parks. Electricity is available for a slight additional charge. Ultra-clean pit type toilets and hot showers are also provided.

Playground equipment for children and a field for playing ball are centrally located. The lake is within easy driving or walking distance for those wishing to fish, but far enough away that there is no danger of the little one wandering too close to the edge. Campsites are provided with picnic tables and iron fireplaces with grills for woodfire cooking.

A grocery store in nearby Westfield handles camping supplies as well as bait. Churches and a theatre are also located in that village. As you sightsee the country roads surrounding Beech Hill, chances are good that you will see abundant wildlife, as deer, turkey and even black bears frequent the region.

A "must-see" while in the area is the cooperative fish hatchery of the Potter County Anglers Club. Follow Route 349 from Beechwood Lake, turning west on Route 6. In Galeton take Route 299 and follow the signs to the hatchery. This anglers' club, in cooperation with the Pennsylvania Fish Commission, has been successfully rearing trout for a number of years.

Sizes of the fish in the many pools run from fingerlings to some real whoppers 24 inches and up, many of them going five pounds. These fish are stocked in local streams each year in time for the opening of trout season. All varieties of trout are reared including the new hybrid, the golden palomino. This offers many fishermen their first view of this new game species as well as a lot of other delightful sights.

"WHAT RULES, KID?"

PENNSYLVANIA ANGLER
ICE FISHING

Old hands at this winter game know that standing around on the ice for most, or all, of the day can grow tiring. They therefore may include folding chairs, stools or benches, or improvise one from a bucket in which their gear is stored. Those of wood are warmer to sit upon than those of metal. Kapok filled boat seat cushions tossed onto the ice are comfortable seats providing the surface ice doesn’t thaw and become watery during the day.

There are many home-made seats and wind-breaker combinations. Typical of many seen on the ice is one that consists of a box made from lightweight plywood, fitted with straps for carrying pack-style. The box stores fishing gear as well as a collapsible canvas shelter and supporting rods which set up around the box to shield the fisherman from the cold. Because few or none are currently on the market, you’ll probably have to build your own.

The foregoing pretty well covers tips and techniques which novices need to know when starting this winter sport. One thing stands out clearly. Except for the traditional line, hook and bait, winter gear differs radically from that used during summer. And most of it is improvised by the angler. One often sees some pretty odd looking gear in the winter, but however odd, it rarely attracts more than a passing glance from the crowd. The accent is on fishing, catching fish and meeting your fellow outdoorsmen. And newcomers should be reminded to dress warmly.

Pictures shown on these pages call attention to the more popular, and what might be called the basic pieces of ice-fishing tackle. Lacking this, make do with what you have. Get up enough nerve to try this winter sport once. Chances are pretty good that it will capture your interest as it has so many other anglers in Pennsylvania during recent years.

LEAKY BOOTS

trout. I think browns would be better suited, although rainbows would probably work too.

The Loyalsock in its day was a wonderful trout stream and I believe with stream improvement projects, change in size and limit, it could be changed to a better stream and the high pressure wouldn’t hurt it so much. This is only my idea and I don’t know much about the scientific aspect on this. I certainly would like to know the Commissions’ views.

John Weeks, Williamsport

Truck following is not something new or peculiar to the State of Pennsylvania. Every trout stocking state in the Union with a fair human population has the problem of truck following. This aspect has been discussed and debated at every fishery meeting that was ever held. Nobody has come up with an acceptable answer.

I am sure that stocking at night is not the answer. Can you imagine the problems involved in stocking 21 miles of Loyalsock Creek after dark only to have the fishermen gather for the “show” at daybreak. This is not an answer.

JANUARY—1969
By Capt. JACK ROSS, Editor and Publisher of "Three Rivers Boating Guide"

FROM C. B. E., ALTOONA:
"Where can I get information on starting in the marina business?"
—Write the National Association of Engine & Boat Manufacturers, 420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. They publish a series of books and pamphlets covering various aspects of marina design, construction and operations.

FROM G. F. R., BETHEL PARK:
"The engine in my 18-foot inboard drips a little oil, and this makes an awful mess in the bilge. I have tightened all visible nuts and bolts, but it still drips, although I only lose about a pint per season. What can I do?"
—This is a common problem, and the amount of oil you are losing does not indicate that an overhaul would be justified. Try the department and hardware stores for a metal or plastic pan that will fit under the engine and catch the dripping oil. If you can't locate one that will do, you can have one made at any sheet metal shop.

FROM A. J. P., PITTSBURGH:
"Can you recommend a good general reference book on the technical aspects of seamanship, suitable for a fairly knowledgeable amateur?"
—Two that come to mind are the "Merchant Marine Officer's Handbook," at $10.00, and "Knight's Modern Seamanship," $8.50, both available from the Cornell Mari-
time Press, Box 100, Cambridge, Md. 21613. Both are written from the viewpoint of the large vessel officer, but the information presented is equally valid for the pleasure boatman who wishes to learn some of the fine points of ship handling and management.

FROM T. J. B., DERRY:
"I am interested in outboard racing; where can I get information on this sport, and on how to soup up my outboard engine?"
—Get in touch with Jim King of King's Outboard Sales, 7304 Grand Ave., Neville Island, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15225. Mr. King is prominent in the Three Rivers Outboard Racing Association, and specializes in converting outboard engines for competition.

FROM B. J. S., MERCERSBURG:
"The tachometer needle on my inboard runabout keeps jumping. Is there any way I can cure this without taking the instrument to a serviceman?"
—Disconnect the cable housing at the engine end, where it is more accessible, and pull out the inner flexible cable. Coat this well with graphite grease, and replace it, being sure that you have the same amount sticking out as originally. Replace the housing connection, and your trouble should disappear.

FROM L. N. W., HOOKSTOWN:
"Recently I purchased a boat with a Commodore outboard motor, and none of the dealers I have called know anything about it. Where can I get parts?"
—The Commodore was built by West Bend, which was purchased by Chrysler Corp. Write to Chrysler Outboard Corp., Hartford, Wisconsin, or check with your nearest Chrysler outboard dealer.

FROM T. M. C., WASHINGTON:
"If my boat was built before the new regulations on ventilation went into effect, can I be required to install more cowls and ducts to comply?"
—Yes, and the popular argument that such a rule is illegal because of its retroactive effect is incorrect. The rule does not make the existing boat illegal of itself, but requires additional safety equipment for its continued use in navigation. Unless you have suicidal tendencies, you should need no urging to improve the ventilation system on your boat so as to reduce the chances for a dangerous accumulation of explosive vapors in the bilge.
LEFT—PERKIOMEN CREEK in southeastern Pennsylvania provided some excitement for fisherman Earl Huber Jr. of Rahns when he hooked and landed this 37½-in., 15-lb., muskellunge. He was spinning with a rebel plug and using eight pound test when he landed it early in September.

RIGHT—ANGLER CITATION winner Alva Coffman from Uniontown also tied for first place in the Genesee Brewing Company's fishing contest when he landed this 20¾-in., 4¾-lb., smallmouth at Youghiogheny. He was spinning with a Creek Chub "Plunkie" when it hit.

ANGLER JOHN SKIRO SR. of Wilkes Barre holds 22¾-in., 6½-lb., largemouth bass he caught at North Lake in Luzerne County in September. He was using a rapala when it struck.

BIG SMALLMOUTH was landed by New Kensington fisherman Robert Solomon while he fished the Allegheny River. It measured 20½-in., weighed 4-lbs., 11-oz., and won him a Fishing Citation.

BRUCE WEINMAN LANDED this nice walleye while fishing the Youghiogheny Reservoir this fall. It measured 22-in., and fell to the temptation of a nightcrawler. (photo courtesy U.S. Army)

ONDALOUNEE LAKE in Berks County accounted for this nice northern pike caught by Robert H. Frick of Fleetwood. He was spinning with a live minnow when the 37½-in., 11½-lb., fish hit.

YOUNG FISHERMAN Tim Perschke of Butler holds the big largemouth bass he caught late this summer while fishing Tioga County's Hills Creek Lake. It measured 19½-in., and weighed 4½-lbs. (photo courtesy Redwood Inn)
FISHERMAN Lawrence Ziegler, Schwenksville holds a 40%-in., 16-lb., 15-oz. muskie while another he caught, almost as big, hangs in the tree behind him.

ROBERT MOORE, 11, of Pittsburgh holds a pair of bullheads he caught at Lake Onedia in Butler County. The bigger, 14-in., 1%-lb., won him a Junior Angler Citation.

BROTHERS TIM AND DREW Snavely of Keesport had good luck last spring at Edinboro Lake. They're shown with their catch of panfish they caught with those two traditionally successful pieces of equipment, worms for bait and cane poles.

13-YEAR-OLD Bradley Barter of Hummelstown won a Junior Angler Citation for his 27-in., 7%-lb. carp catch from Swatara Creek in Dauphin County.

11-YEAR-OLD Daniel Sweigart of Chadds Ford won a Junior Angler Citation for his 18%-in., 2%-lb., brown trout from Cedar Run.

FISHERMAN Sidney Kleeman of Broomhall won a Pennsylvania Angler Citation for his 15%-in., 1%-lb., crappie he caught in Springton Reservoir.

CAMP HILL fisherman J.J. Viani holds 25-in., carp landed from Conodoguinet Creek. Spin gear and night crawlers landed the 4-lb., catch.

JOSEPH KRYSKO of Scranton holds the 21-in., 5-lb., largemouth bass he caught at Acre Lake this summer. It fell to the temptation of a green popper.

8-YEAR-OLD Chip Smith of Sharon holds the 26-in., 4-lb., northern pike he landed from the Shenango River.

HENRY GIRSSINGER OF ETTERS was the fiftieth fisherman to win Honorable Mention membership in the Musky Club this year. He caught this musky in the Susquehanna River. It measured 36%-in., and weighed 13-lbs.
BILLY PONSENY of McKeeseport holds a 23-in., 4-lb., channel cat he caught from the Allegheny River this summer. He was fishing at Lock Seven at Kittanning when he landed it. The 8-year-old angler used a three inch chub.

FISHERMAN John Nagiewicz of Eynon had some good luck on Lake Wallenpaupack early this year with the perch. Here he holds a stringer of 12 to 14 inches he caught during one trip. He was using worms when the catches were made.

YOUNG LADY PATTI STONER of Newton Hamilton holds two carp while fishing the Juniata River this summer. One measured 31-in., and weighed 15-lbs., 8-oz.; the other, 30%-in., and weighed 15-lbs. The 10-year-old angler was using spinning gear and a soft crab when they hit.

FISHING PALS Marty Avery and Glenn Levalent hold the 18%-in., smallmouth bass that won Avery a Junior Fishing Citation in August. The boys were fishing the Allegheny River in Forest County when the big smallmouth hit a nightcrawler.

HUSKY MUSKY MEMBER Alex Aversa won his membership when he landed this 45%-in., 22%-lb., musky from Canadota Lake. The catch also won him a Pennsylvania Angler Fishing Citation. Aversa was casting with a creek chub plug.

UPSTATE angler Jeff Boughton of Thompson won a spot in Pennsylvania's Husky Musky Club this summer when he landed this nice 4%-in., 10%-lb., musky, from Lakerene Lake. He used spin gear and Beauo plug.

CAROLINE SHARFOHACK of Glassport holds one of the biggest muskies reported caught in the state this year. It measured 49%-in., weighed 32-lbs. She was fishing Sugar Lake when it struck a plug.

DAVID DAVIE of Alden holds a 21-in., 4-lb., 2-oz., bullhead he caught while fishing North Lake in Lakerene County. He was fishing with a creek chub. It won him a Senior Fishing Citation.
COOPERATIVE NURSERIES may be located anywhere—in the cellar of an old farm house in Lancaster County, in a redwood trough on a McKean County hillside, or in a decorative reflection pool in Adams County. But for the sake of nostalgia, few can compare with the location of the Oil City Izaak Walton League's site on the grounds of the old Monarch Park in Cranberry Township, Venango County.

According to Jim Myers, chapter president, the park had a long history of picnics, band concerts and the like for the folks of the good old days. Streetcars made runs from Franklin and Oil City to the park. Formal gardens, nature paths and spacious lawns properly shadowed by ancient trees enhanced the scene. Then it came to an end in 1925. Times were changing; interests were elsewhere.

DENNIS MYERS, Paul Byers, Clarence Shearer, Greg Myers, Michelle Myers, and Jim Myers (IWL president) stand at the sign marking the way to the group's cooperative nursery project.

In 1926, the Oil City Izaak Walton League, Chapter 61, took over the park and renamed it Waltonian Park. A gradual transfer was made so that today, bench rests, target ranges, skeet courses, a lake, and a cooperative nursery replace some of the flower gardens and lawns. New buildings, related to the outdoor sports, replace the old band shell and picnic pavilions.

More specifically, the cooperative nursery project began in 1965 when a circular waterway, formerly part of the scenic flower garden area, was utilized for a trout rearing project. Bob Brown, Cooperative Nursery Coordinator, was called in for some water testing activities. The end product was approval of the spring-fed, circular cement pond. The Oil City "Ike" Walton nursery was in business.

At this point Ted Kinch, grounds superintendent, enters the conversation. "It was and is an ideal setup. We have no temperature or oxygen problems and the construction of the pond permits us to section any part of it off like the spokes in a wagon wheel. We still keep some of the flowers growing in the center section just for old times sake." A wooden bridge crosses the waterway to the area referred to.

Doug Brown, one of the feeders, wanted to get back to the trout and away from the history. His method of attracting attention was simple. A handful of pellets brought clouds of young brook trout swarming to his spot on the bridge. "Aren't we big now—we've only had them a few weeks. Come back in May, when we stock them, and you'll see some fish."

Then it was Jim Myers' turn again. "Doug's right. We get them in the three inch size and by stocking time—ten months later—we have them ranging from 10 to 15 inches. And that's not bad growth." And he's right; it isn't.

The club raises about 2,500 trout a year. Local anglers obviously benefit. Such streams as Cherry Run, Horse Creek, Mill Creek, Oil Creek, Sandy Creek, Sugar Creek, and Two Mile Run, all Venango County waterways, have or will sooner or later receive some of the Oil City Izaak Walton League fish.

About this time, Clarence Shearer, Waterways Patrolman for the district more or less put the finishing touch to the nursery visit by remarking that fishermen complaints about the size and quality of the trout being caught in the area were getting less and less, an indication of the improved activities of the Commission and the Oil City Izaak Walton League Cooperative Nursery.

But the story is not quite finished on this service-minded organization. In addition to the cooperative nursery, the club built a large lake, landscaped it, stocked it and set up some special uses for it. Fishing derbies for area youngsters, of course, were part of the program with a special event highlighting each year's activities. This special derby, known as "Big Daddy Day," is geared primarily to providing some yearly enjoyment for the Venango County Crippled Children. Members assist the youngsters; fish are caught and a good time is had by all. Need more be said?

In answer to the last question, actually no—enough has been said—but it does seem worth passing along one more fact about the Oil City Izaak Walton League boys. Although the cooperative nursery is a relatively new project with them, they have been in the business of serving their community for over forty years in the areas of outdoor sports and conservation projects. Truly they have been aware that the theme of Casting with the Co-ops is a way of life long before the phrase was coined for use in this magazine.
While you are making your New Year resolutions why not make a resolution to learn more about the out-of-doors, to add to your knowledge of the plant and animal life you meet when you go fishing? It's a resolution that is easy to keep, and your new-found interest in the things you see will turn even a fishless day into a memorable event.

The best way to learn outdoor facts is to spend your winter evenings with some good books. Your local library probably has many helpful volumes that you can borrow. Book stores and magazine stands sell excellent paperback books on nearly every nature subject. Additional free or inexpensive publications on a variety of outdoor subjects are distributed by many state agencies.

What's to learn? More than you might imagine. Take fish, for instance. There's not much excuse for not knowing a rainbow trout from a brown, but there are many veteran anglers who don't. A good book on fishes will clearly point out identifying characteristics—and answer other questions as well. You'll learn what is meant by a fish's lateral line, what is the purpose of the air bladder, what the catfish's "whiskers" are used for. You'll learn what a bluegill nest looks like, what water temperature walleyes prefer, where and when brook trout spawn.

No one who spends time on lake or stream can be unaware of the insect life, but it's not enough to merely know which ones should be swatted and which are harmless. Doesn't it make insects more fascinating to know that the dragonfly that perches on your fishing rod has 20,000 eyes and can fly sixty miles per hour? Wouldn't you like to know where to find caddis worms that build houses of twigs, leaves, sand grains, and pebbles? Are you familiar with the insect called the "backswimmer" which inflicts a painful bite, or with the ugly dragon-fly nymph which looks dangerous but isn't?

Birds probably have a larger following among humans than any other form of wildlife, and once you begin studying them you'll readily understand why more and more fishermen are becoming bird watchers. Even the most disinterested angler has noticed the kingfisher and the green heron which haunt small streams and ponds, and the great blue heron wading the shallows of larger waters, but most fishermen do not even know their proper names, much less know anything of their habits. Do you recognize the "fish hawk" or osprey when you see him? Have you ever seen him plunge into the water to catch a fallfish and do you know how he holds onto his slippery prey? How about the wild ducks that pass overhead in the spring and fall; can you tell the wood duck from the mallard or blue-winged teal? Can you identify the bird that builds its mossy nest on the timbers beneath bridges? Or the tan bird with a spotted breast that bobs and teeters on streamside stones? A good bird book will tell you all these things, and open your eyes to a whole new world of fascinating wildlife.

Fishermen are interested in catching fish, but to remain so absorbed in that pursuit that you ignore all of Nature's other treats is foolish. The mammals, the birds, the fish, the wild flowers, the trees, the insect life—these and others are much too good to miss.

END OF THE LINE

Nearly five years ago I began writing and illustrating this series of articles for young anglers. It's been fun, but unfortunately the press of other work has finally made it impossible to continue the series. With this installment "School's Out" will finish its run. Thanks for following it through the years. I hope my efforts have helped you become not only more skillful fishermen, but good sportsmen and knowledgeable outdoorsmen as well.

—Ned Smith
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